

THREE
O D E S
FROM THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
H O R A C E
Imitated.



L O N D O N :

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ODES

OF

HORACE.



C A R M E N X.

Ad Licinium Varronem Murenarum.



*Ectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo; neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum.*

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.*

*Sæviùs ventis agitur ingens
Pinus; excelsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
Fulmina montes.*

Sperat

T O

B R I T A N N I A.

I.



A P P Y the People, who, tho' keen
For War, yet know that War to cease;
But scorn th' insipid, soft Serene
Of endless Peace.

II.

Thrice happy they, who wisely steer
Safe in the golden Mean; nor glow
With senseless Rage, nor tamely fear
Th' insulting Foe.

III.

The loftiest States rock most: The Fir
Waves with each Wind: The Thunders roar,
And all their Shafts on *Penmenmaur*
Impetuous pour.

IV. But

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis

Alteram sortem bene præparatum

Pectus. Informes hyemes reducit

Jupiter; idem

Submovet. Non, si malè nunc, & olim

Sic erit: quondam citharæ tacentem

Suscitat Musam, neque semper arcum

Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque

Fortis adpare: sapienter idem

Contrahes vento nimium secundo.

Turgida vela.

C A R M E N XI.

Ad Quintium Hirpinum.

QUID bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes,

Hirpine Quinti, cogitet Hadriâ

Divisus objecto, remittas

Quærere; neu trepides in usum

Pos-

IV.

But each couragious, constant Breast,
For ev'ry Turn alike prepar'd,
Hopes in bad Times, and in the best
Maintains its Guard.

V.

Tho' now becalm'd, the Wind again
May serve: Nor shall the Golden God
Still wave around the sleeping Main,
His potent Rod.

VI.

Launch forth, contracted BRITAIN; claim
Thy Seas: And Fortune's prosp'rous Gales
Swell with a kind and constant Stream
Thy spreading Sails.

To a FRIEND in Town.

I.

INQUIRE no more, too anxious Friend;
What deep-schem'd M——s intend;
Dread not the Threats of saucy *Spain*;
We still shall lord it o'er the Main.
With Heart enlarg'd, and Genius gay,
Indulge your Pleasures while you may.

II. Youth

*Poscentis ævi pauca. Fugit retro
 Levis juventas & decor, aridâ
 Pellente lascivos amores
 Canitie, facilemque somnum.*

*Non semper idem floribus est honor
 Vernis ; neque uno Luna rubens nitet
 Vultu. Quid æternis minorem
 Consiliis animum fatigas ?*

*Cur non sub altâ vel platano, vel hac
 Pinu jacentes sic temerè, & rosâ
 Canos odorati capillos,
 Dum licet, Assyriâque nardo*

*Potamus uncti? Dissipat Eryus
 Curas edaces. Quis puer ocius
 Restinguet ardentis Falerni
 Pocula prætereunte lymphâ?*

Quis

II.

Youth will soon wear, my dearest Boy,
And Beauty's but a brittle Toy :
With hobling Pace comes envious Age
To push soft Love from off the Stage ;
Nor there content his Arm to stay,
But chaces too poor Sleep away.

III.

Spring's fairest Flow'rs Ill-natur'd Time
Destroys, and often in the Prime.
The Charms of CYNTHIA's Self are frail ;
Now rosy red ! now wan and pale !
Then cease ; nor thus fatigue thy Soul :
Dry Cares ! we'll drown them in the Bowl.

IV.

Come, to the Tavern let us go,
And freely rant an Hour or so :
(The Antients told us, when at School,
'Twas wise sometimes to play the Fool)
Nor fear to spoil thy frosted Hair,
Sweet essenc'd by the Barber's Care.

V.

There we'll our merry Whiskers grease
With 'Sparagus, or what you please ;
And, as our Beards begin to shine,
Gladden the Heart with gen'rous Wine :
Or would you quench its native Flame,
We'll dignify't with *Negus*' Name.

B

VI. And

*Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? Eburnâ dic age cum lyrâ
Maturet, incommatam Lacænæ
More comam religata nodo.*

C A R M E N XII.

Ad Mæcenatem.

NOLIS longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
Nec dirum Annibalem, neu Siculum mare
Pæno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
Aptari citharæ modis :

Neu

VI.

And what if we've a sprightly Lass,
That sings her Song, and spares her Glas ;
No matter whether *Sall* or *Molly*,
A Girl that's lively, gay and jolly !
Let Decency her Freedoms grace,
And Virtue's Mask adorn her Face.

VII.

Bid her make haste, nor mind her Dress ;
(The more she's primm'd, I like her less)
Contented to be neatly spruce,
With flowing Locks, and Garments Loose.
In cleanly Nymph no Charms can please
Like those of Negligence and Ease.

To a FRIEND.

In Praise of his Mistress.

I.

DIRE Arms that harra's'd *Poland's* State,
And STANISLAUS' martial Fire,
The Muse attempts not to relate,
Or sing to her unequal Lyre,
How jarring Kings their Country tore,
And stain'd the Fields with civil Gore.

B 2

II. The

*Neu sævos Lapithas, & nimium mero
 Hylæum; domitosve Herculeâ manu
 Telluris juvenes, unde periculum
 Fulgens contremuit domus*

*Saturni veteris: tuque pedestribus
 Dices historiis prælia Cæsaris,
 Mæcenâs, melius, ductaque per vias
 Regum colla minantium.*

*Me dulces dominæ Musa Lycymniæ
 Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
 Fulgentes oculos, & bene mutuis
 Fidum pectus amoribus:*

*Quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris,
 Nec certare joco, nec dare brachia
 Ludentem nitidis virginibus, sacro
 Dianæ celebris die.*

Num

II.

The *Tartar* rough in artless War,
 She paints not, furious and untam'd,
 Nor the fierce *Turk*, now fiercer far
 With long-forbidden Draughts inflam'd;
 Nor *Russia's* Sons of dread Renown,
 That shook the haughty Sultan's Throne.

III.

OSBORN shall swell his Patron's Praise
 In flowing Rhet'rick, unconfin'd,
 And tell how in these Halcyon Days
Britain all patient and resign'd,
 Serenely smiling on her Foes,
 Is led pacific by the Nose.

IV.

Me (happier Task!) the Muse employs
 To sing your heav'nly FLAVIA's Praise,
 Her sparkling Eye, her warbling Voice,
 And that fond Heart which never strays,
 Which pants for you with warm Desire,
 Which Love's sincerest Flames inspire.

V.

When moving in the well-tim'd Dance,
 Her Air how easy and serene,
 With sprightly Trip, genteel Advance!
 Superior in each various Scene,
 Or with the Nymphs upon the Plain;
 Or 'midst a Birth-night's gaudy Train.

VI. Each

*Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licymniæ,
Plenas aut Arabum domos?*

*Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem; aut facili sævitiâ negat,
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet.*

F I N I S.



VI.

Each lovely Feature in her Face,
 Her ev'ry Charm's beyond Compare !
 Say, would would you quit one slender Grace,
 Or one dear Ringlet of her Hair,
 For all that HOPKINS' Heir obtains,
 Or generous BEDFORD's wide Domains:

VII.

While to the eager rapt'rous Kiss
 Her glowing Neck she sweetly twines,
 Faintly resists the welcome Bliss,
 And with short Murmuring resigns :
 Or chides perhaps your dull Delay,
 And spurs you to the amorous Play.

F I N I S.

